WIN A BANANAMAN T-SHIRT
SEE PAGE 23

NUTTY

16p
11R-27p
(Inc. VAT)

EVERY SATURDAY No. 227 June 16th, 1984

THE COMIC WITH

BANANAMAN

YOUR TV STAR

When ordinary schoolboy, little Eric, eats a banana, he instantly becomes the EXTRA-ordinary BANANAMAN

LAST WEEK, BANANAMAN WAS BANNED FROM BEING WONDERFUL BY CHIEF O'REILLY FOR NOT HAVING HIS HERO COSTUME—

SIGH! I feel like a prune.

I'll see if I can find his costume or else this story will go on FOREVER.

General Blight is bound to be behind all this.

I'll bet that costume's in here.

There it is—it looks better without Mr B. inside it actually.

MEANWHILE—

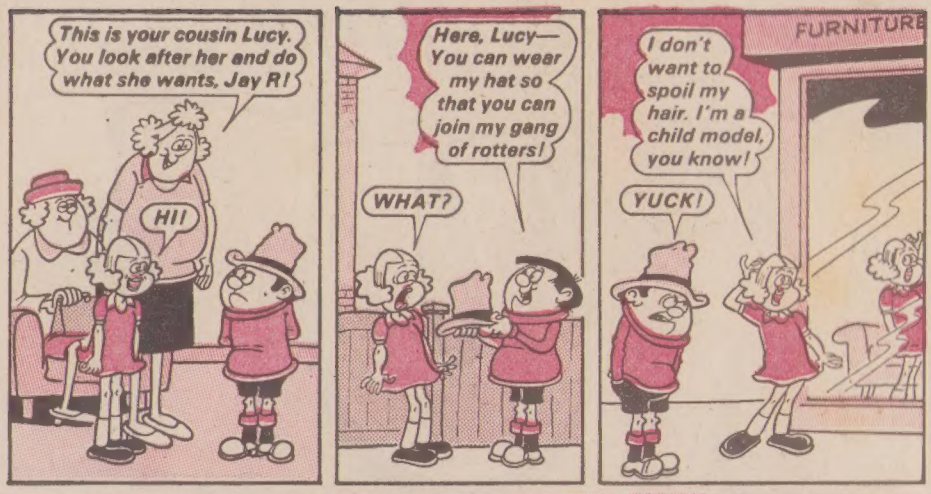
YUK! YUK! Stealin' is easy without Bananaman around.

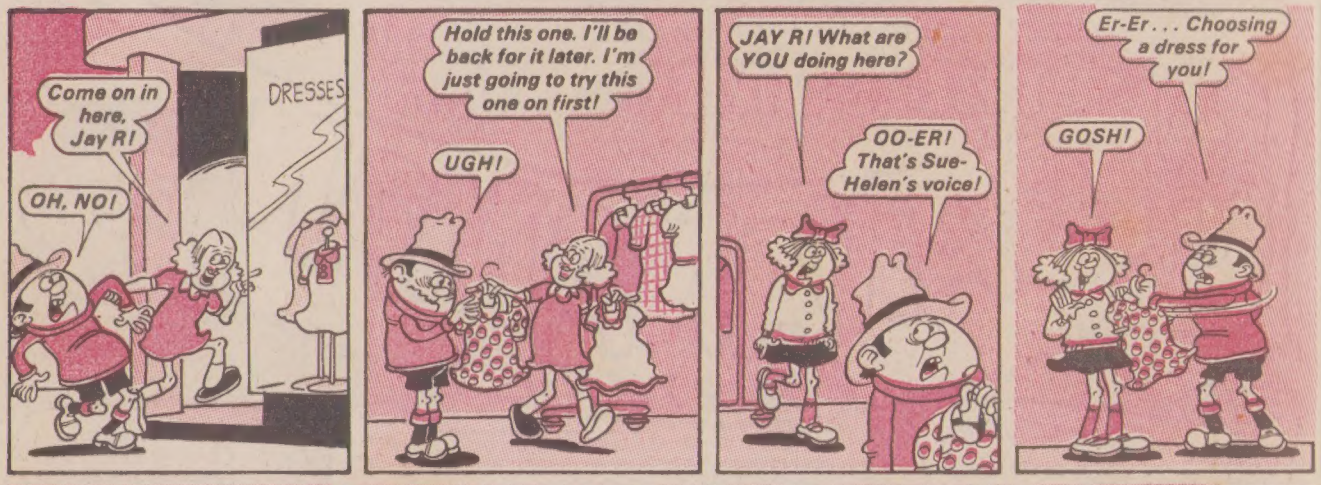
NEE-AAGH! I fink I'm seeing fings.

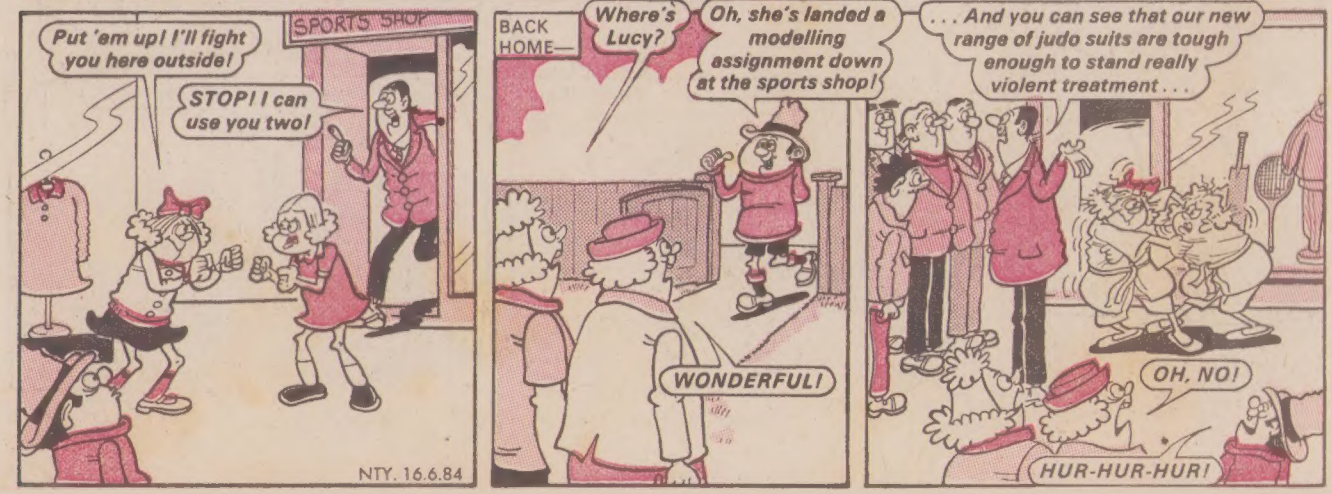
TURN TO THE CENTRE PAGES QUICKLY, READERS.

JAY R. HOOD

HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!


This is your cousin Lucy. You look after her and do what she wants, Jay R!
HI!
Here, Lucy— You can wear my hat so that you can join my gang of rotters!
WHAT?
FURNITURE
I don't want to spoil my hair. I'm a child model, you know!
YUCK!


Come on in here, Jay R!
DRESSES
OH, NO!
Hold this one. I'll be back for it later. I'm just going to try this one on first!
UGH!
JAY R! What are YOU doing here?
OO-ER! That's Sue-Helen's voice!
Er-Er . . . Choosing a dress for you!
GOSH!


Put 'em up! I'll fight you here outside!
SPORTS SHOP
STOP! I can use you two!
NTY. 16.6.84
BACK HOME—
Where's Lucy?
Oh, she's landed a modelling assignment down at the sports shop!
WONDERFUL!
. . . And you can see that our new range of judo suits are tough enough to stand really violent treatment . . .
OH, NO!
HUR-HUR-HUR!

PETER Pest

LOOK, SIS! A FAIR! Let's go! Please! Pretty please!
Well, okay then, Peter!
FAIR

AND SO—
Come on! I can't wait to get on the helter-skelter!

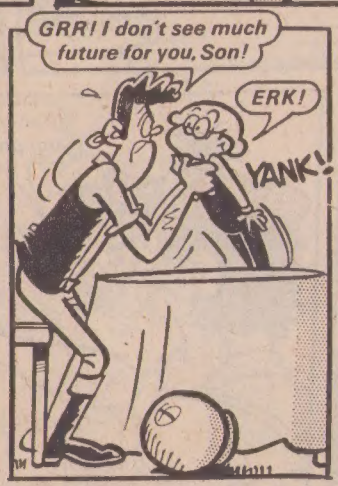
BUT—
Wait, Peter! I want to go in here!
PEDRO THE FORTUNE TELLER
EH? Oh, no!

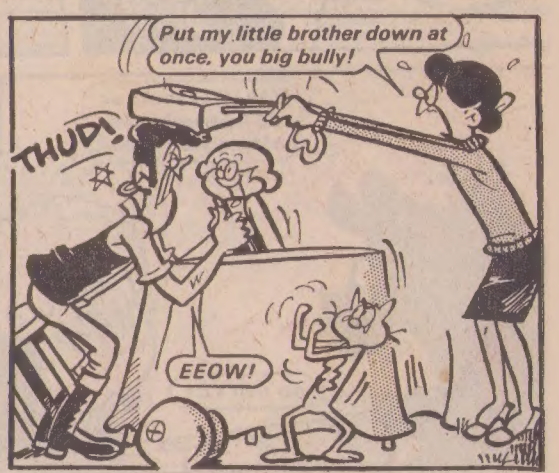
Cross my palm with silver, Gorgeous!
You bet, you hunk, you!

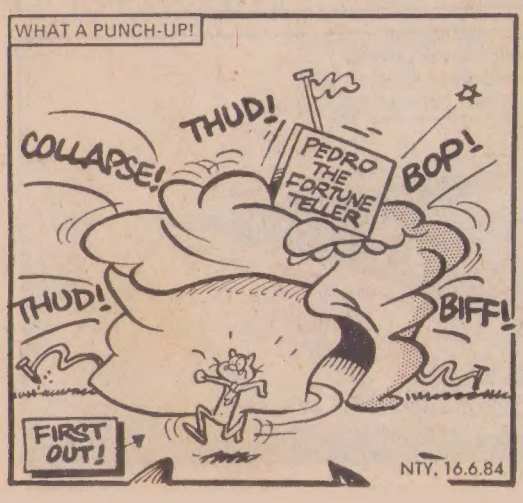
Ah, yes! It's all clear to me . . . You'll meet a tall, dark, curly-haired stranger . . .
I just have!
YEEUK!

Time I did something to stop this rubbish!
NUDGE!
WOW! I've dropped my crystal ball!

OOYAH! My foot!
HO-HO-HO!
THUD!


GRR! I don't see much future for you, Son!
ERK!
YANK!

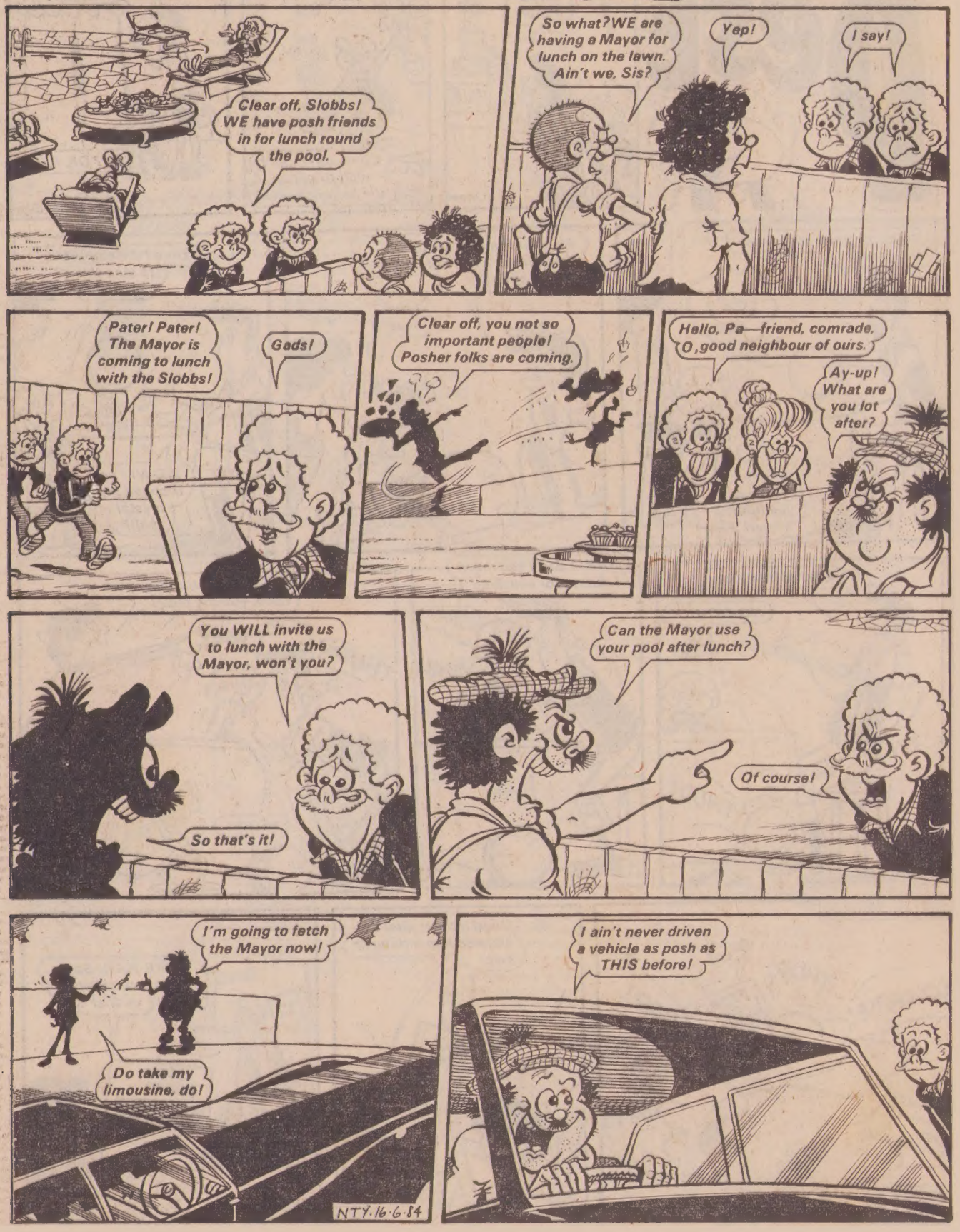

Put my little brother down at once, you big bully!
THUD!
EEOW!

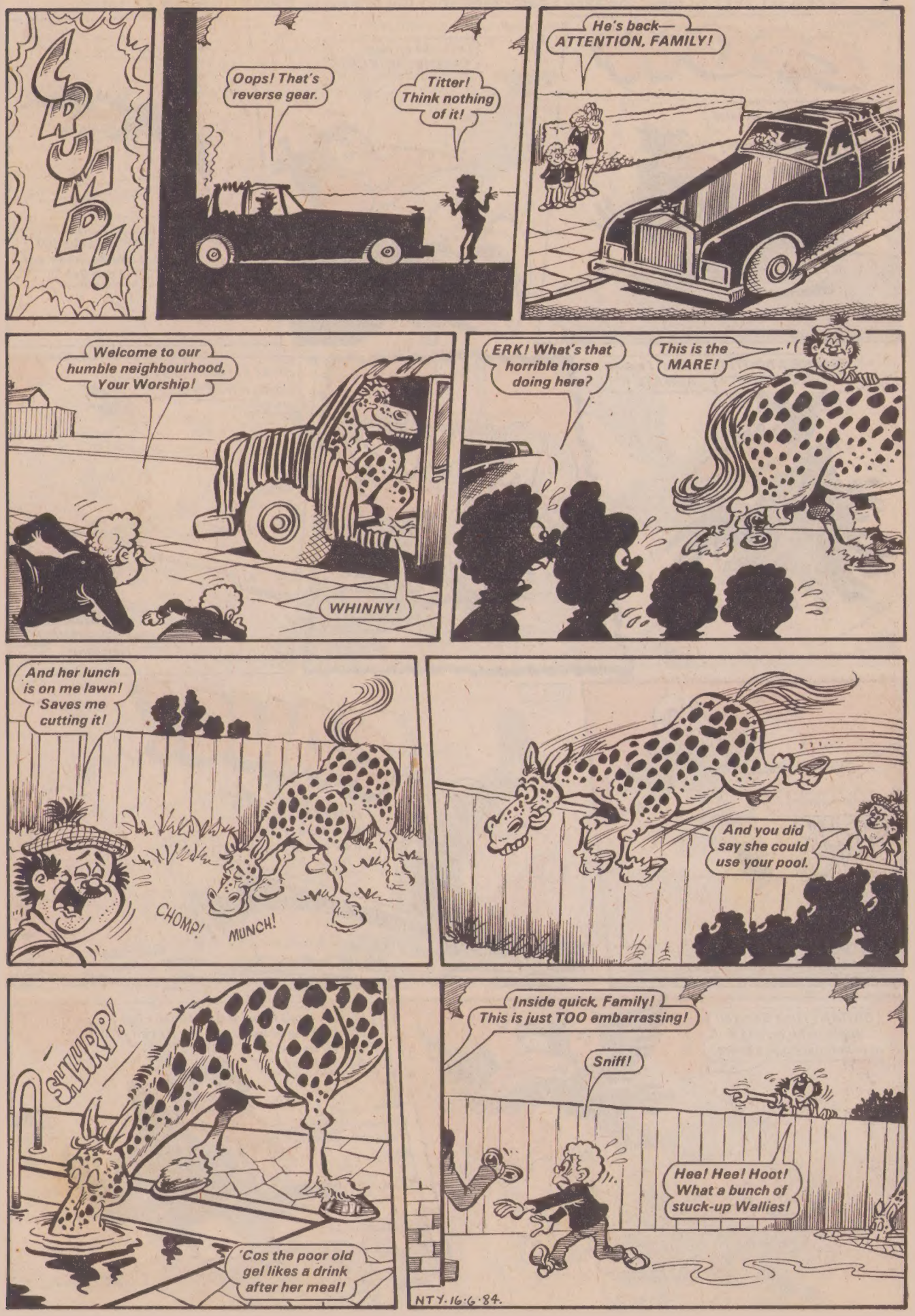

WHAT A PUNCH-UP!
COLLAPSE!
THUD!
PEDRO THE FORTUNE TELLER
BOP!
THUD!
BIFF!
FIRST OUT!
NTY. 16.6.84

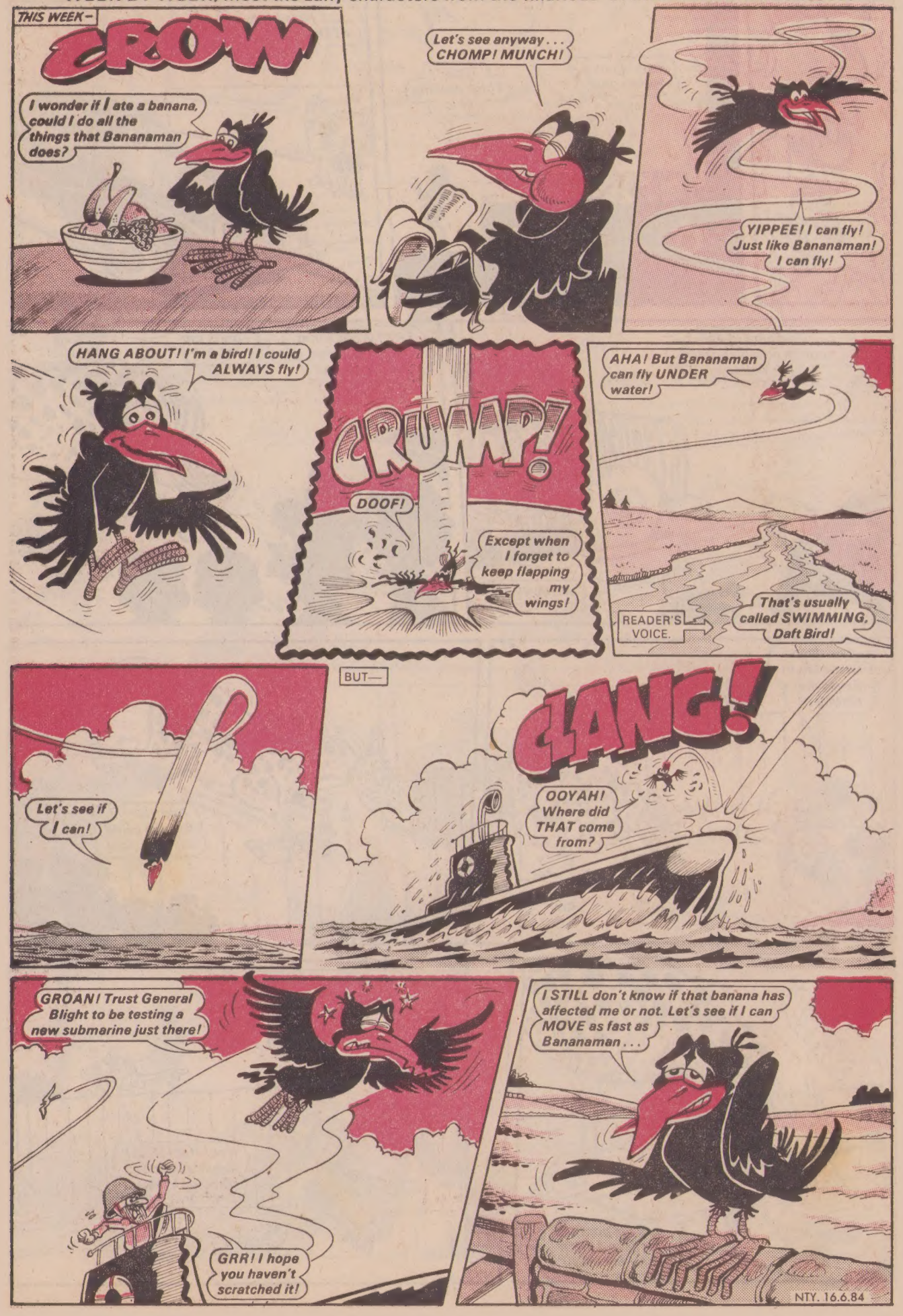
Good for you, Sis! You showed him a thing or two!

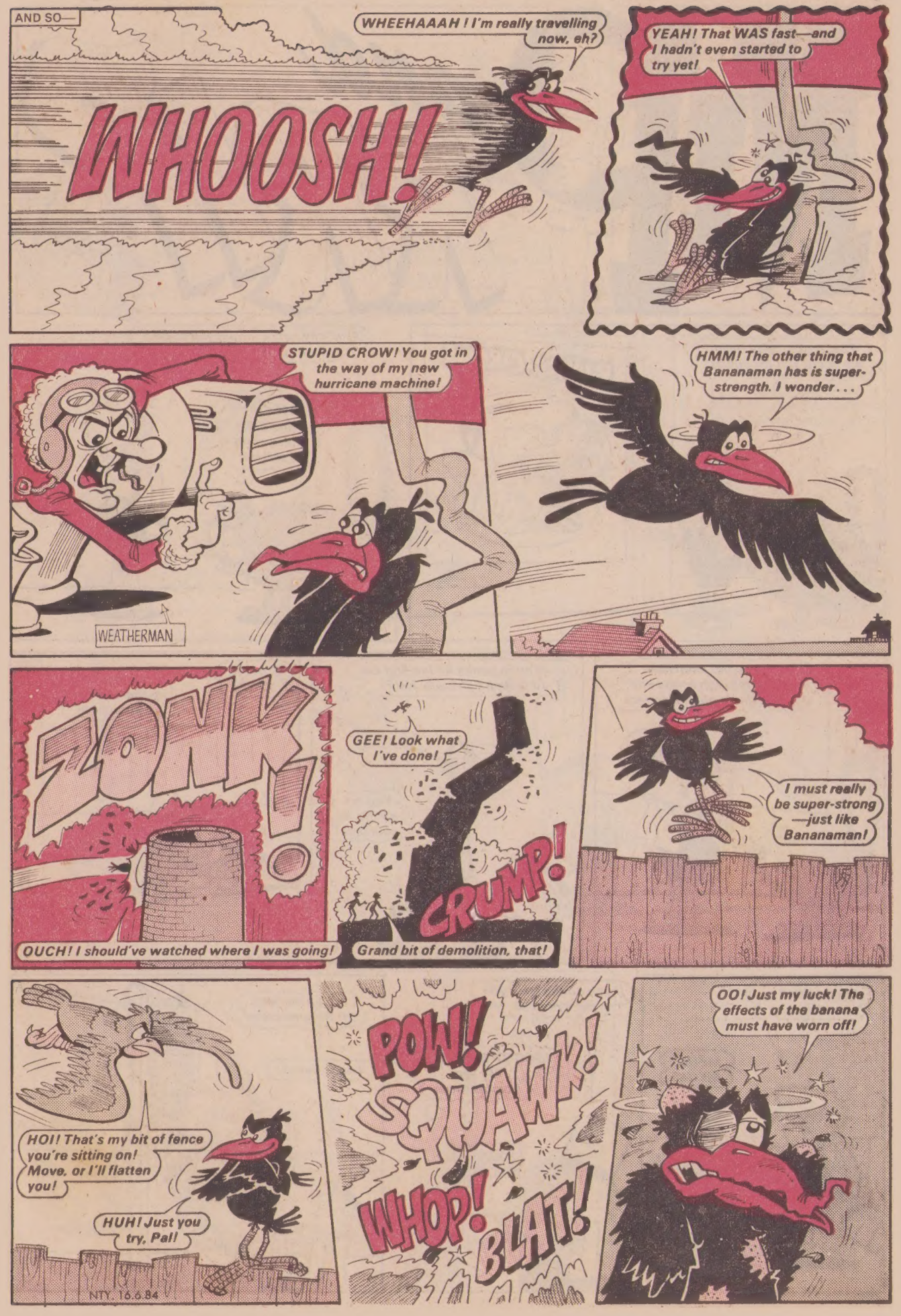
LATER—
HAR-HAR! Some fortune-teller he is, Sis!
CLOSED DUE TO UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCES

THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

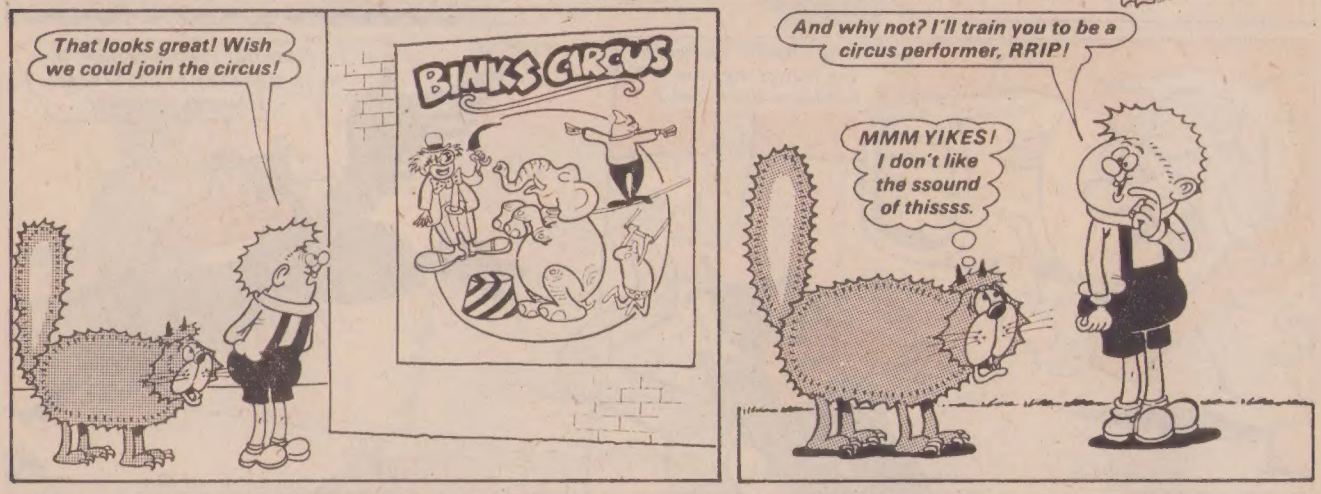

Clear off, Slobbs! WE have posh friends in for lunch round the pool.
So what? WE are having a Mayor for lunch on the lawn. Ain't we, Sis?
Yep!
I say!
Pater! Pater! The Mayor is coming to lunch with the Slobbs!
Gads!
Clear off, you not so important people! Posher folks are coming.
Hello, Pa—friend, comrade, O, good neighbour of ours.
Ay-up! What are you lot after?
You WILL invite us to lunch with the Mayor, won't you?
So that's it!
Can the Mayor use your pool after lunch?
Of course!
I'm going to fetch the Mayor now!
Do take my limousine, do!
I ain't never driven a vehicle as posh as THIS before!
NTY. 16·6·84

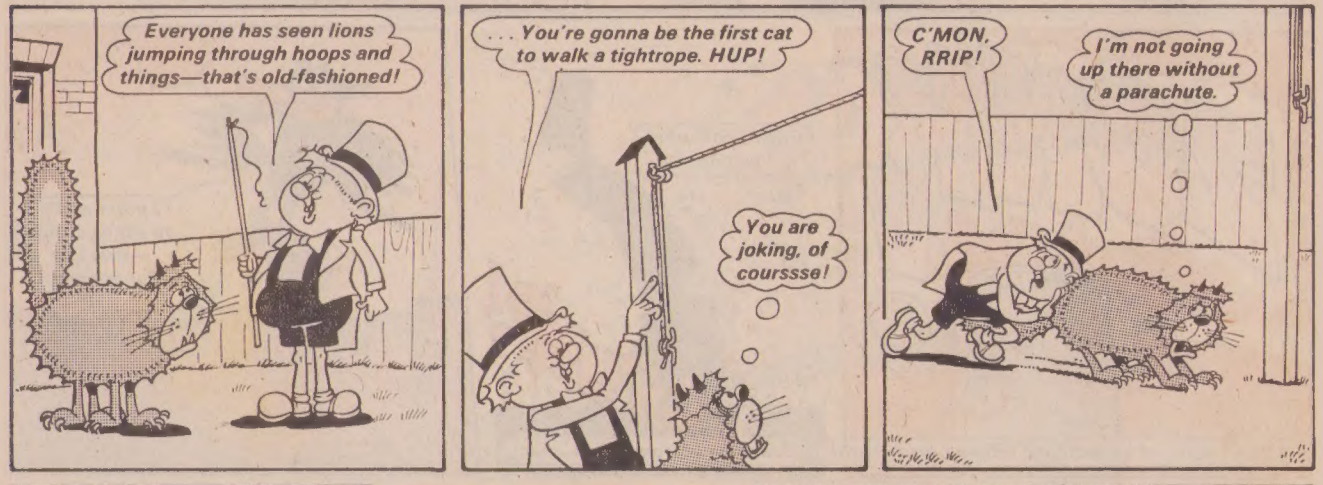

CRUMP!
Oops! That's reverse gear.
Titter! Think nothing of it!
He's back— ATTENTION, FAMILY!
Welcome to our humble neighbourhood, Your Worship!
WHINNY!
ERK! What's that horrible horse doing here?
This is the MARE!
And her lunch is on me lawn! Saves me cutting it!
CHOMP!
MUNCH!
And you did say she could use your pool.
SLURP!
'Cos the poor old gel likes a drink after her meal!
Inside quick, Family! This is just TOO embarrassing!
Sniff!
Hee! Hee! Hoot! What a bunch of stuck-up Wallies!
NTY.16.6.84.


THIS WEEK–
CROW
I wonder if I ate a banana, could I do all the things that Bananaman does?
Let's see anyway . . . CHOMP! MUNCH!
YIPPEE! I can fly! Just like Bananaman! I can fly!
HANG ABOUT! I'm a bird! I could ALWAYS fly!
CRUMP!
DOOF!
Except when I forget to keep flapping my wings!
AHA! But Bananaman can fly UNDER water!
READER'S VOICE.
That's usually called SWIMMING, Daft Bird!
Let's see if I can!
BUT—
CLANG!
OOYAH! Where did THAT come from?
GROAN! Trust General Blight to be testing a new submarine just there!
GRR! I hope you haven't scratched it!
I STILL don't know if that banana has affected me or not. Let's see if I can MOVE as fast as Bananaman . . .
NTY. 16.6.84

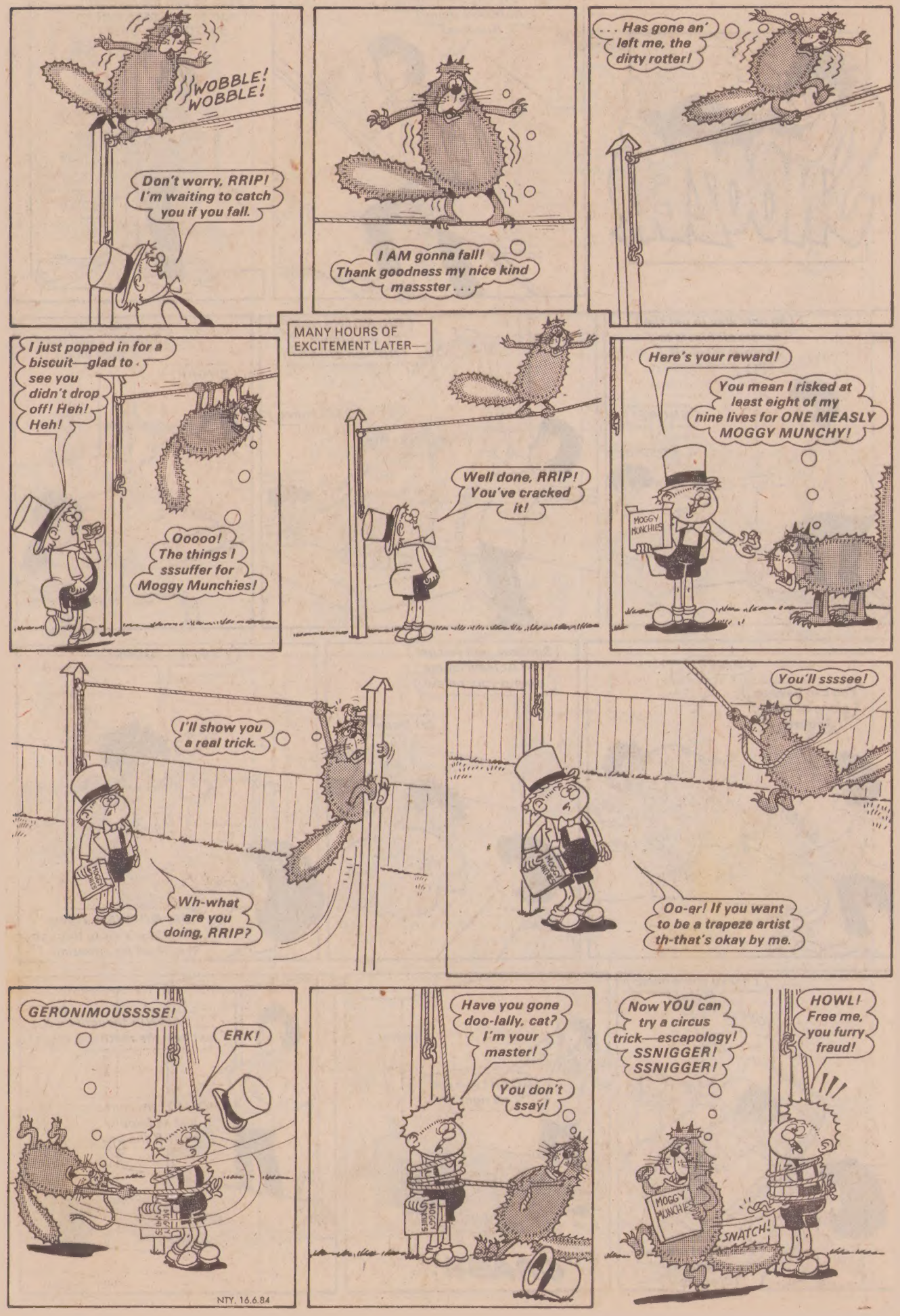

AND SO—
WHEEHAAAH ! I'm really travelling now, eh?
WHOOSH!
YEAH! That WAS fast—and I hadn't even started to try yet!
STUPID CROW! You got in the way of my new hurricane machine!
WEATHERMAN
HMM! The other thing that Bananaman has is super-strength. I wonder . . .
ZONK!
OUCH! I should've watched where I was going!
GEE! Look what I've done!
CRUMP!
Grand bit of demolition, that!
I must really be super-strong —just like Bananaman!
HOI! That's my bit of fence you're sitting on! Move, or I'll flatten you!
HUH! Just you try, Pal!
NTY. 16.6.84
POW!
SQUAWK!
WHOP!
BLAT!
OO! Just my luck! The effects of the banana must have worn off!

NIP and RRIP

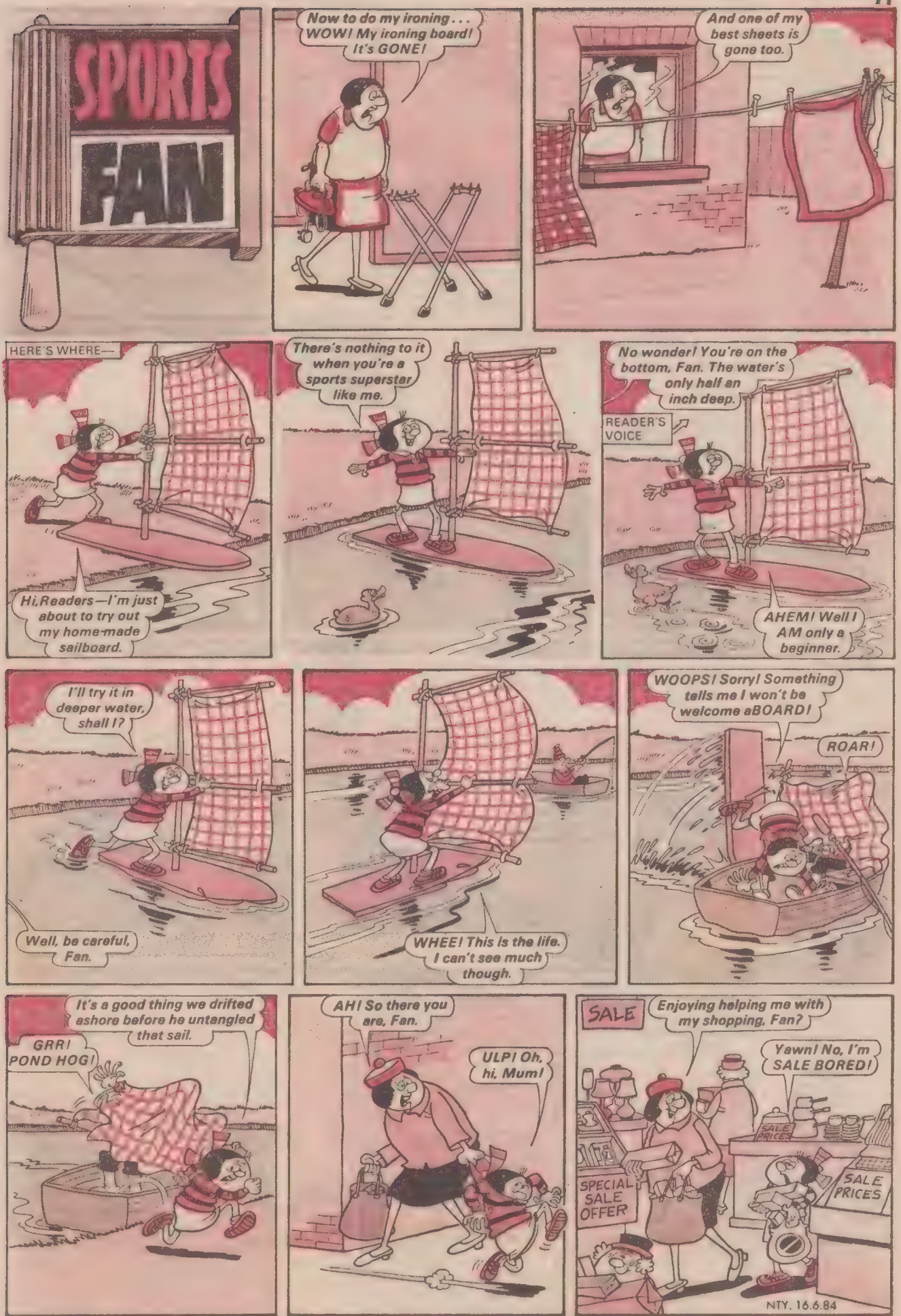

That looks great! Wish we could join the circus!
BINKS CIRCUS
And why not? I'll train you to be a circus performer, RRIP!
MMM YIKES! I don't like the ssound of thissss.


Everyone has seen lions jumping through hoops and things—that's old-fashioned!
. . . You're gonna be the first cat to walk a tightrope. HUP!
You are joking, of courssse!
C'MON, RRIP!
I'm not going up there without a parachute.

Phew! We'll try another way.
MYUK! MYUK!
If you do the trick you get a reward.
MOGGY MUNCHIES! My very favouritessss.
MOGGY MUNCHIES
I'm on my way, Mr Ringmassster.
That's better!
WHOOSH!
NTY. 16.6.84


WOBBLE! WOBBLE!
Don't worry, RRIP! I'm waiting to catch you if you fall.
I AM gonna fall! Thank goodness my nice kind massster . . .
. . . Has gone an' left me, the dirty rotter!
MANY HOURS OF EXCITEMENT LATER—
I just popped in for a biscuit—glad to see you didn't drop off! Heh! Heh!
Ooooo! The things I sssuffer for Moggy Munchies!
Well done, RRIP! You've cracked it!
Here's your reward!
You mean I risked at least eight of my nine lives for ONE MEASLY MOGGY MUNCHY!
MOGGY MUNCHIES
I'll show you a real trick.
Wh-what are you doing, RRIP?
You'll ssssee!
Oo-ar! If you want to be a trapeze artist th-that's okay by me.
GERONIMOUSSSSE!
ERK!
NTY. 16.6.84
Have you gone doo-lally, cat? I'm your master!
You don't ssay!
Now YOU can try a circus trick—escapology! SSNIGGER! SSNIGGER!
HOWL! Free me, you furry fraud!
SNATCH!

ZZZZ
SNOOZER
That's my day's housework ALMOST done, Readers.
But I've still the hardest part to do—MAKING SNOOZER'S BED.
KEEP OUT
SHH!
DO NOT DISTURB
KEEP OUT
GO AWAY
The only way to get the covers off him is to hoover them off.
SNORE!
OH, NO! He really is a proper RIP van Winkle!
SUCK!
DZZ! Leave off!
RIP!
PULL
Snoozer's bed needs a good airing.
SNORK!
AAIEE!
You can have an airing as well, Snoozer.
BLAST!
Snoozer, will you get up? At least let me plump your pillow.
Zz! Nope!
I'll do it . . . OOPS!
BIFF!
PUMMEL!
OH, NO! What a mess! His pillow's worn through with all his snoozing.
I'll give you a hand, Mum!
TOPPLE
HEAVE
Eh? What are you playing at, Snoozer?
There!
GOSH! Are you all right?
CRASH!
YAWN! I thought I'd just turn the mattress, Mum!
HO! HO! He snoozes just as happily UNDER the bed.
NTY. 16.6.84


SPORTS FAN
Now to do my ironing . . . WOW! My ironing board! It's GONE!
And one of my best sheets is gone too.
HERE'S WHERE—
Hi, Readers—I'm just about to try out my home-made sailboard.
There's nothing to it when you're a sports superstar like me.
No wonder! You're on the bottom, Fan. The water's only half an inch deep.
READER'S VOICE
AHEM! Well I AM only a beginner.
I'll try it in deeper water, shall I?
Well, be careful, Fan.
WHEE! This is the life. I can't see much though.
WOOPS! Sorry! Something tells me I won't be welcome aBOARD!
ROAR!
It's a good thing we drifted ashore before he untangled that sail.
GRR! POND HOG!
AH! So there you are, Fan.
ULP! Oh, hi, Mum!
SALE
Enjoying helping me with my shopping, Fan?
Yawn! No, I'm SALE BORED!
SALE PRICES
SPECIAL SALE OFFER
SALE PRICES
NTY. 16.6.84

BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

GANGWAY! I'm off to a costume party.

FA'NT!

That's the biggest haul we've had so far. YUK! YUK!

GENERAL BLIGHT'S VOICE

It was a splendid idea of MINE to steal Bananaman's costume, wasn't it, Folks?

Brilliant!

Fabulous!

YIKES! YEEKS! and ERK!

RRRAAA! The place is HAUNTED.

Stop squawking, Woman.

There are NO such things as ghosts.

HEE! HEE! They think I'm a ghostie.

Tell that to 'im behind yer!

What a bunch of scaredy . . . AARGH!

Room for one more!

GAAGH! Who closed the door?

Me—I didn't want to let the cat out.

ZJUMP!

OOYAH!

That's the Heavy Mob and General Blight all KO'd in one go.

GROAN!

Okay, Monkey Mush—outside and load up the scuttle shuttle or I'll peck yer botty.

DUH! I'd rather this was a nightmare!

That's right. Load 'em all in here. I hope you can fly this thing.

Of course. I don't look as daft as I am.

Flying it is easy. It's LANDIN' I 'ave trouble with.

NOW he tells me.

Mind you, I did pass my cycling proficiency test when I was twenty-seven.

Oh, well, we're safe then.

SOON—

HOBBLING HIPPOS! Here comes General Blight and I'm powerless to stop him.

THERE! We're down—that wasn't bad, was it?

CRUMP!

YEOW! You must've taken a CRASH course as a pilot.

NTY. 16.6.84

GROAN! Anyone get the number of that elephant?

I got your suit back, Mr B.—AND the Heavy Mob AND Auntie AND General Blight.

Not a bad few pages' work, Crow.

Bravo, Bananaman—I don't know how you do it.

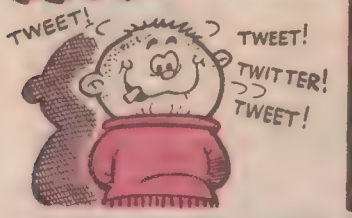
AHEM! It's just a GIFT, Chiefy.

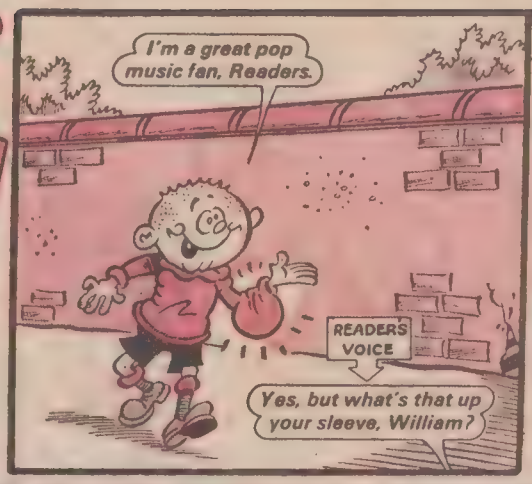
NTY. 16.6.84

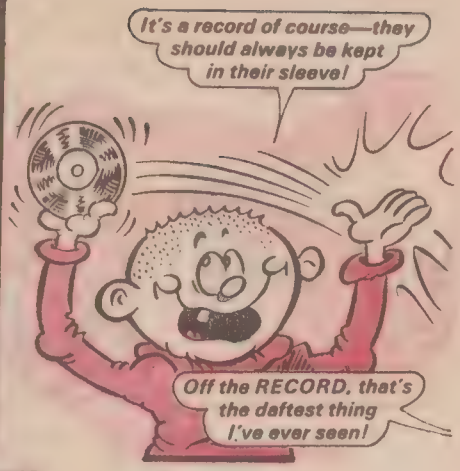
As a buddy, Crow, you SUIT me fine.

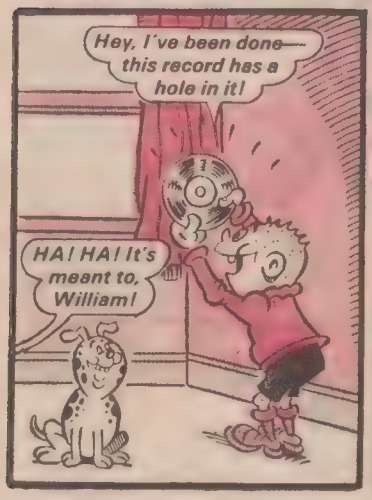
Birds of a FEATHER, eh, Mr B? HEE! HEE!

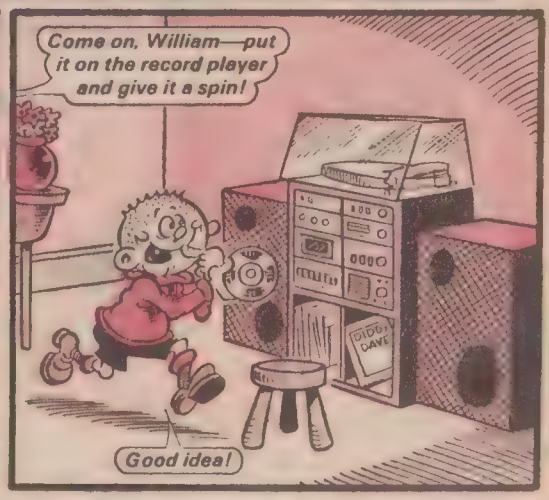
TWEET WILLIAM

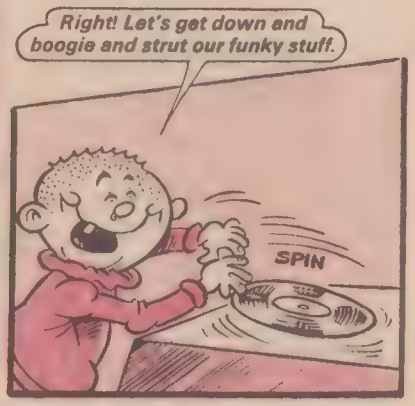


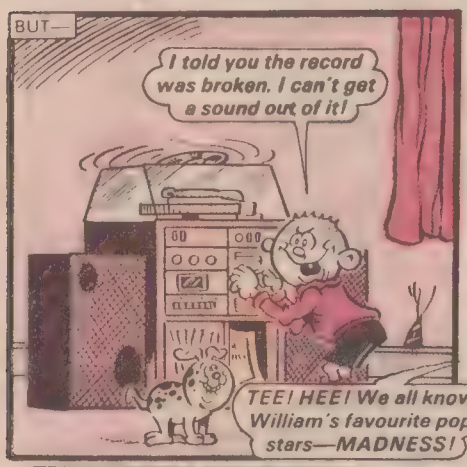


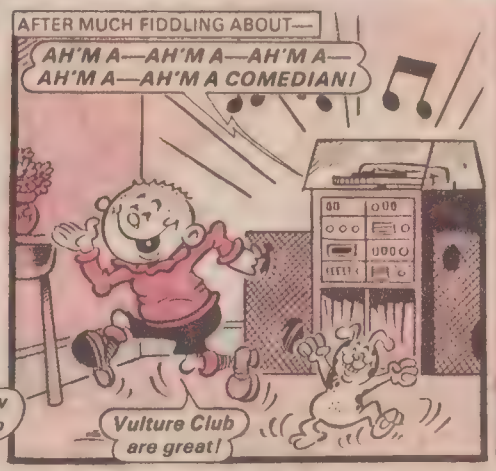


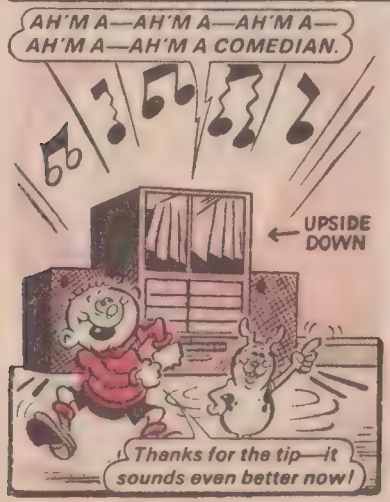


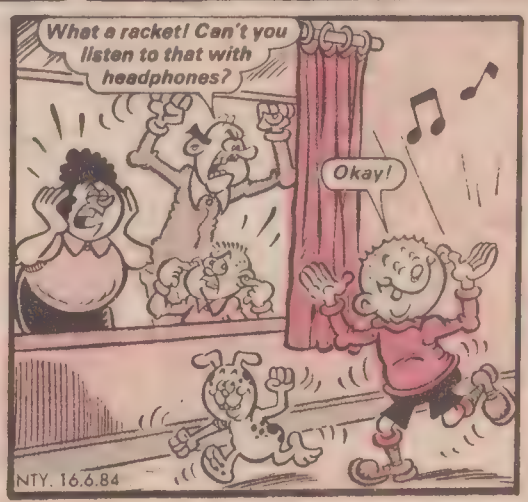


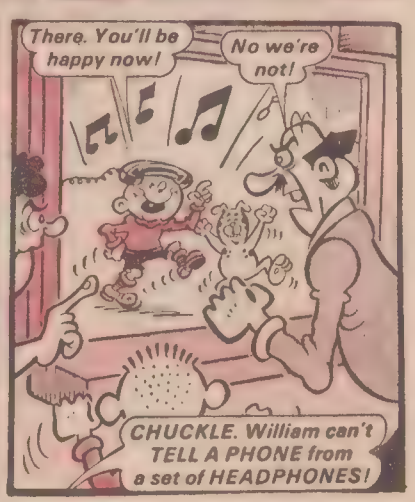


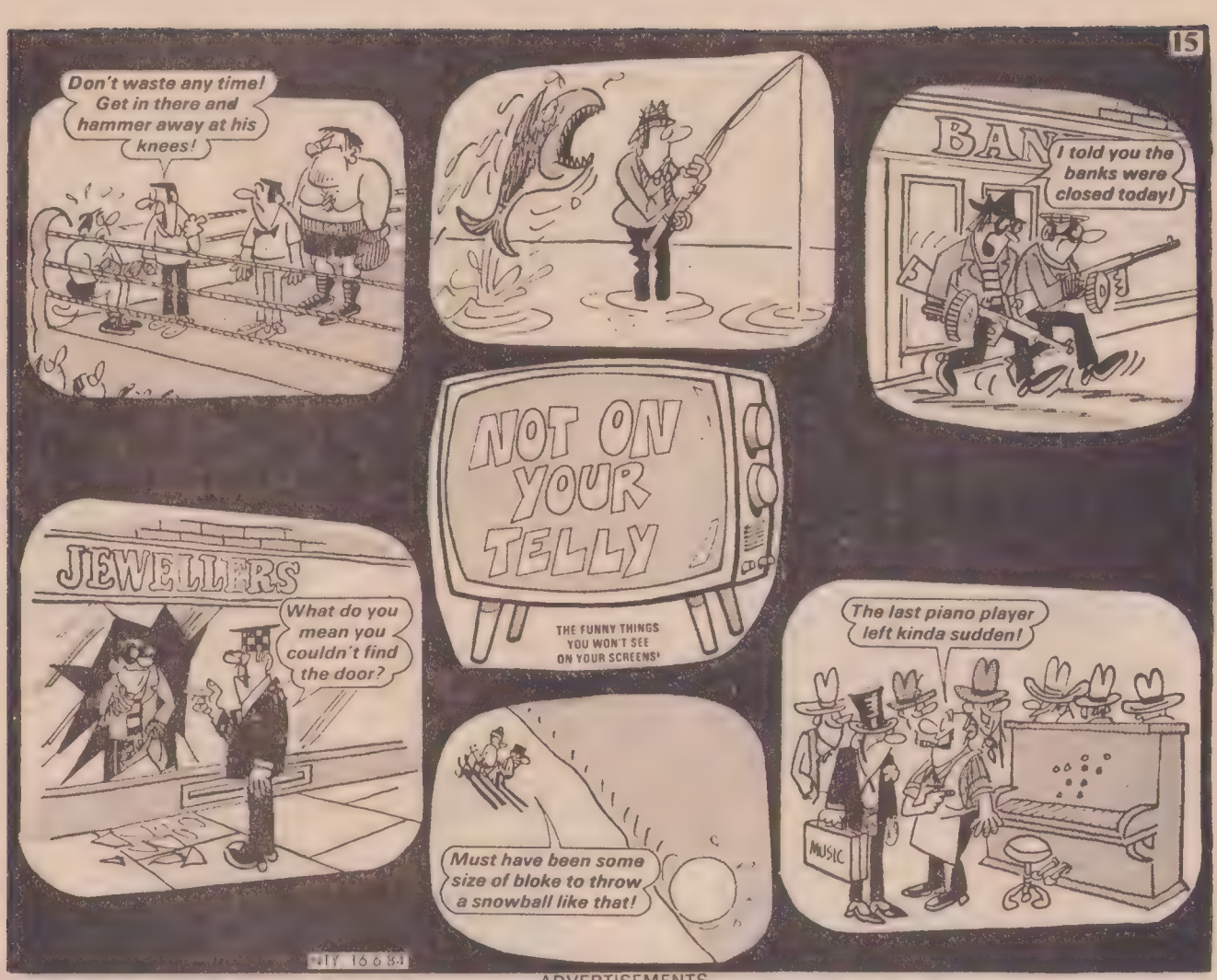








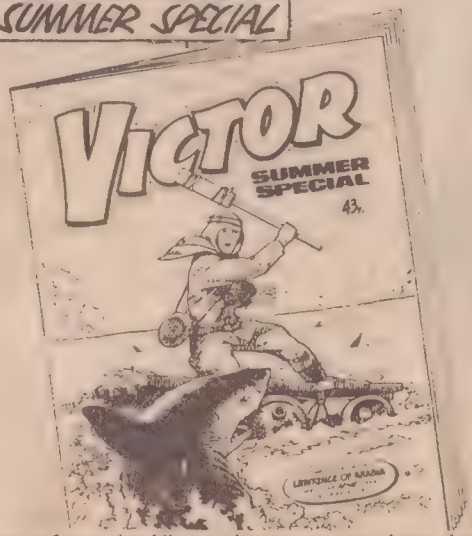



Don't waste any time! Get in there and hammer away at his knees!
I told you the banks were closed today!
BAN
NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
JEWELLERS
What do you mean you couldn't find the door?
The last piano player left kinda sudden!
MUSIC
Must have been some size of bloke to throw a snowball like that!

ADVERTISEMENTS

PUT A LITTLE SUNSHINE IN YOUR LIFE WITH THE VICTOR

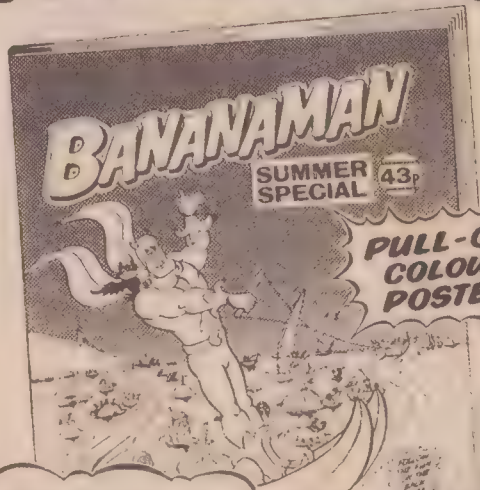
SUMMER SPECIAL



All your favourite Victor characters are there, including Matt Braddock, Alf Tupper, Cadman, Chell Puddock, plus lots of puzzles, features and games!

NOW ON SALE 43p

THE PICK OF THE BUNCH!



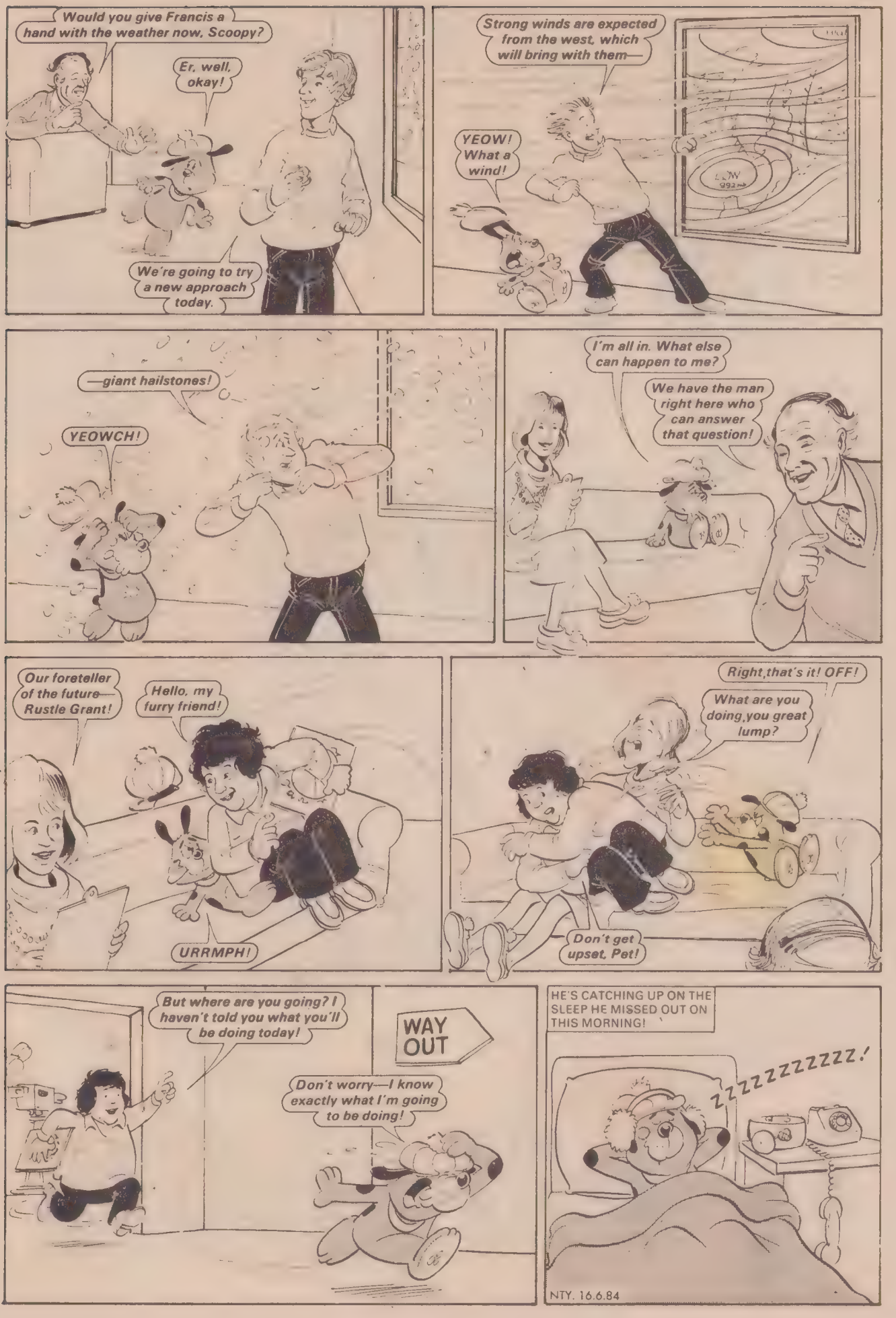
Make sure you get your copy, Fans! Lots of stories about your favourite TV hero – and a full-colour, pull-out BANANAMAN poster!

NOW ON SALE 43p

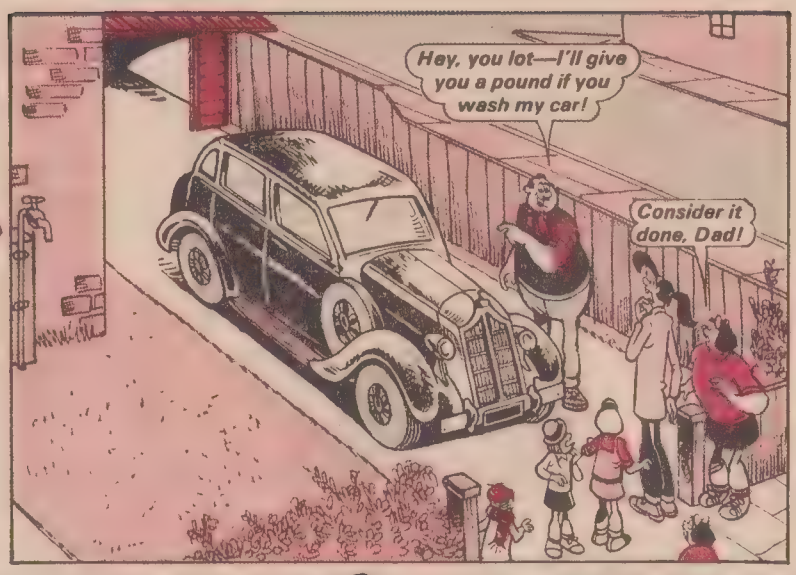
Scoopy

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS

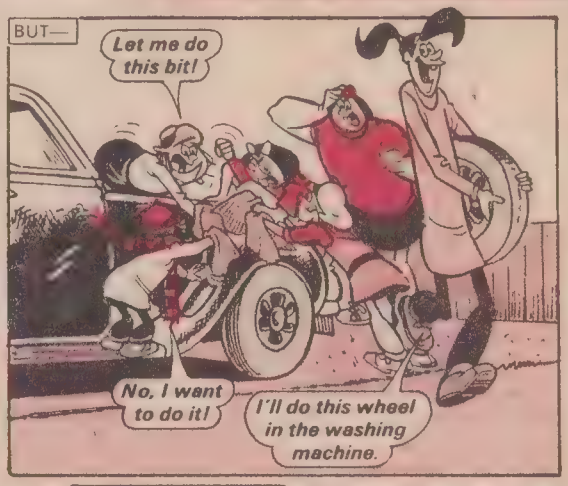
RING! RING! RING! RING!
Who—what—surely it's not time to get up?
Silly me, it was the phone, not the alarm clock.
Come in to the office, Scoopy—I've a job for you!
ED'S OFFICE
Have you seen Breakfast TV yet?
I think so. It's a CEREAL, isn't it?
No, it's not a serial, you chump! Anyway, go to the studios. You're their guest for the day.
SMACK!
SUGAR
TV
MMM—I know that wonderful niff!
SUPER PONG!
I thought so—bacon! This must be the Breakfast studio!
Scoopy! Just in time for a bacon butty! I'm Frank Buff!
Scoopy, this is Selina Scoot!
You look a bit different somehow!
I slept in today!
Okay, places, everyone!
Oh, Frank! I'm not ready yet!
The viewers will think it's a new fashion!
Good morning! Our guest for the day is that famous reporter—Scoopy!
Good—HEY!
And he's going to help me in the keep-fit routine!
GREEK GODDESS
The crab position is good for bad backs, Scoopy!
Is it? Ask Nuttytown United—they've got a few bad backs!
NTY. 16.6.84


Would you give Francis a hand with the weather now, Scoopy?
Er, well, okay!
We're going to try a new approach today.
Strong winds are expected from the west, which will bring with them—
YEOW! What a wind!
LOW 992mb
—giant hailstones!
YEOWCH!
I'm all in. What else can happen to me?
We have the man right here who can answer that question!
Our foreteller of the future—Rustle Grant!
Hello, my furry friend!
URRMPH!
Right, that's it! OFF!
What are you doing, you great lump?
Don't get upset, Pet!
But where are you going? I haven't told you what you'll be doing today!
WAY OUT
Don't worry—I know exactly what I'm going to be doing!
HE'S CATCHING UP ON THE SLEEP HE MISSED OUT ON THIS MORNING!
ZZZZZZZZZZZ!
NTY. 16.6.84

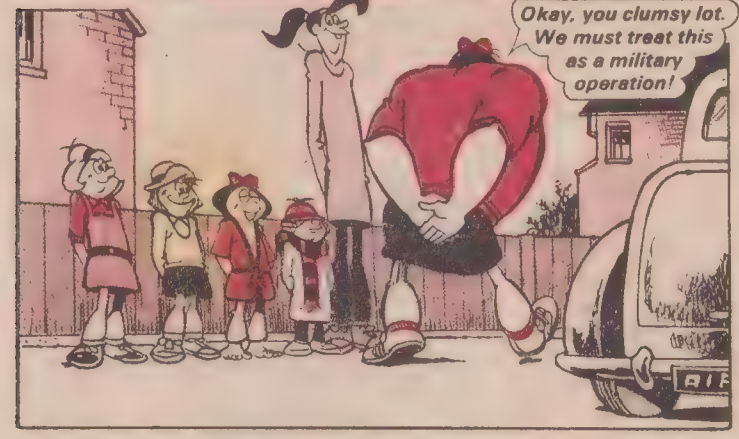
PUNCHIN' JUDY
HATTIE
KUNG SUE
THE BEAN
WILD LIL HICKOCK
GLAD'S ARMY
GLAD

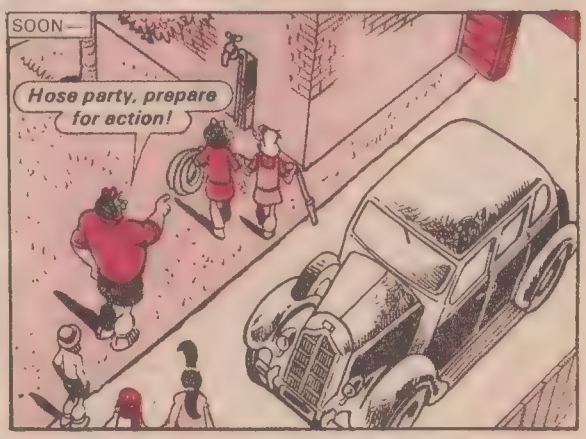

Hey, you lot—I'll give you a pound if you wash my car!
Consider it done, Dad!

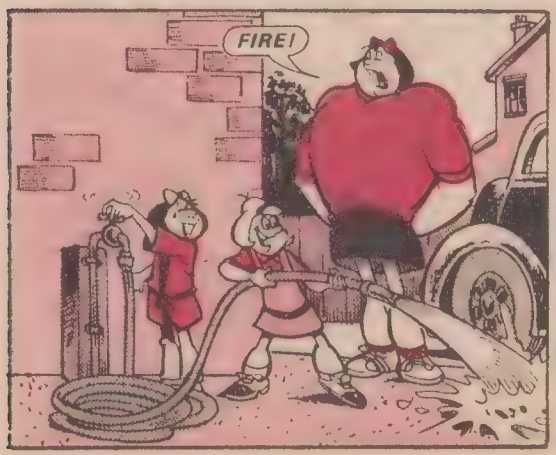
That's ninety-nine pence more than we've got just now!

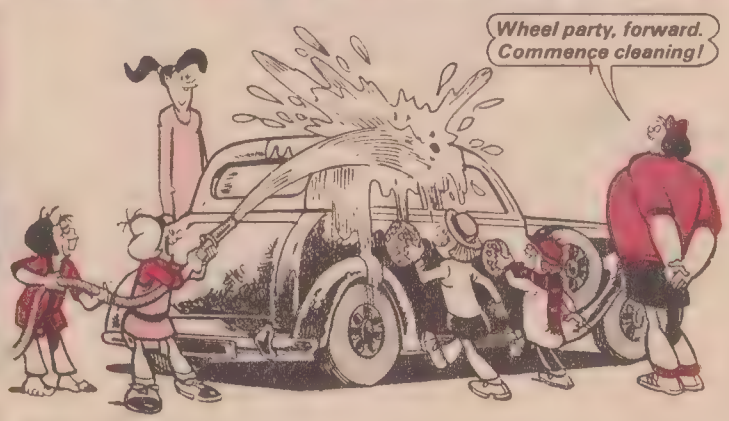

BUT—
Let me do this bit!
No, I want to do it!
I'll do this wheel in the washing machine.

STOP!


Okay, you clumsy lot. We must treat this as a military operation!


SOON—
Hose party, prepare for action!


FIRE!


Wheel party, forward. Commence cleaning!

NTY. 16.6.84

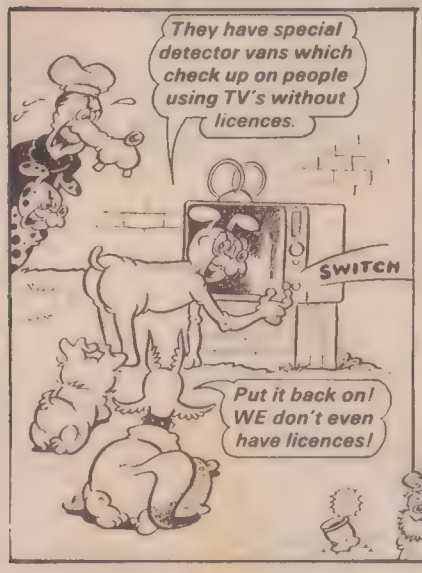
Bean, the roof—and put some elbow grease into it!
Look at that—a well planned operation.
PRESENTLY—
Mission accomplished!
I'll call Dad out to inspect it!
Well, Glad. You've done me proud!
Look at the windows. You'd hardly know there was any glass in them.
OO-ER! There ISN'T any glass in them—we left the window rolled down.
GLUG!
WOOSH!
Ooh! This could be a PANE!
NINNIES! OAFS! BUNGLERS!
Retreat at the double!
NTY. 16.6.84

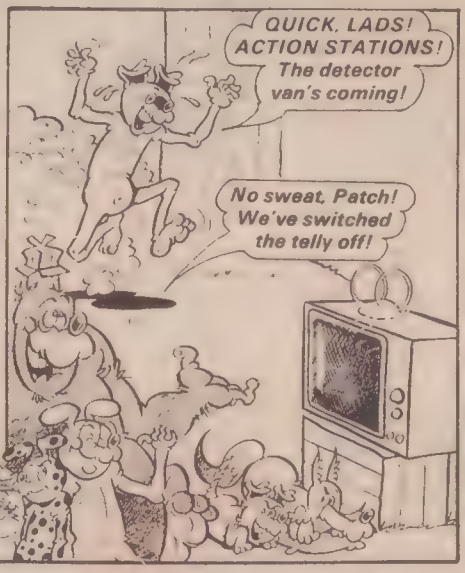
THE WILD
HUNK
MAGNUS PEEK
SINGH SONGH
PATCH
LADY

There's nothing to beat a good sniff around an old heap!
CITY DUMP
What about Basil? He's an old heap!

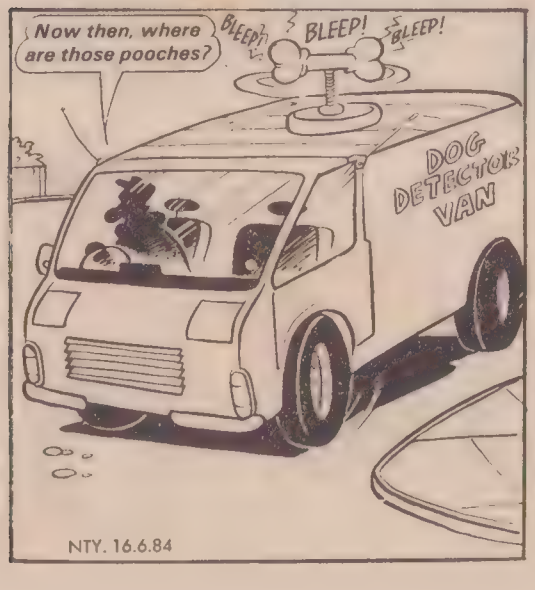
Hey, look, Lads! BINGO! A TV set!
Stand on it—and you can then say you've been on the telly!

Listen, Boys, we should have a licence to watch this, you know!
Well, you go and get one. I'm not missing Flash Jordan for anything!
Yeah, go get them, Flash!

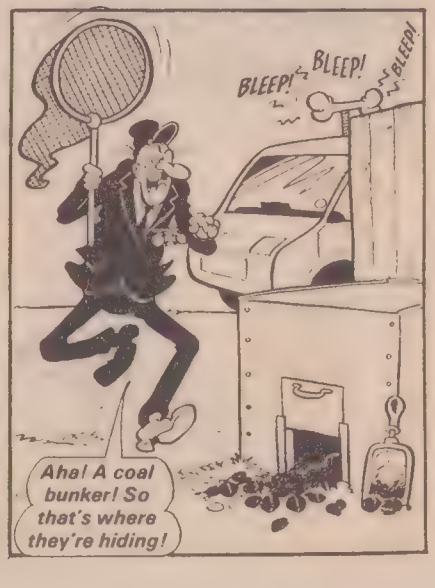

They have special detector vans which check up on people using TV's without licences.
SWITCH
Put it back on! WE don't even have licences!


QUICK, LADS! ACTION STATIONS! The detector van's coming!
No sweat, Patch! We've switched the telly off!

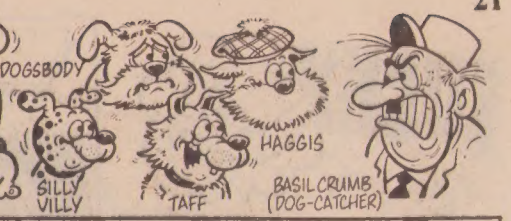
No, I don't mean the TV detector—I mean the dog detector!
WHAT?
EH?

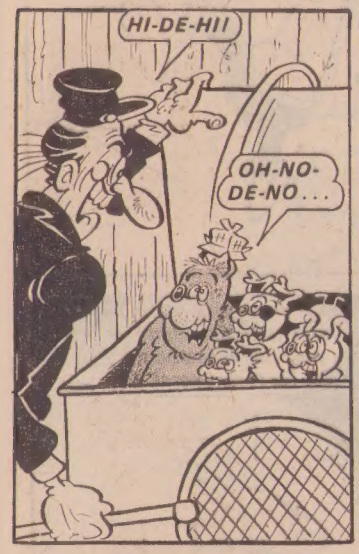

Now then, where are those pooches?
BLEEP!
BLEEP!
BLEEP!
DOG DETECTOR VAN
NTY. 16.6.84

YIPPEE! The radar bone's found them!
9 DOGS
10 YARDS FORWARD
5 YARDS BACK


BLEEP!
BLEEP!
BLEEP!
Aha! A coal bunker! So that's where they're hiding!

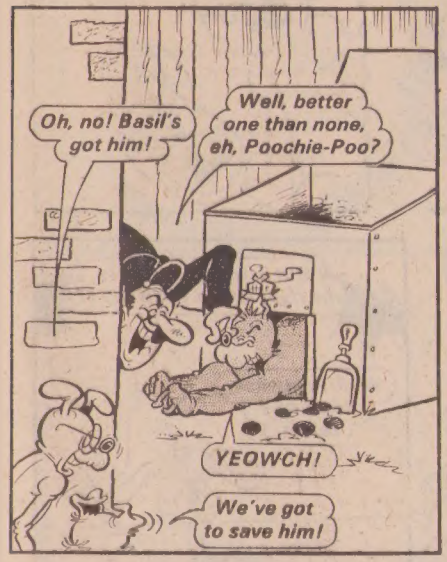
ROVERS


DOGSBODY
HAGGIS
SILLY VILLY
TAFF
BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)


HI-DE-HI!
OH-NO-DE-NO...

SWIPE!
... AND OFF WE GO!

That was a close one!
Hold on! There's only eight of us! Where's Hunk?

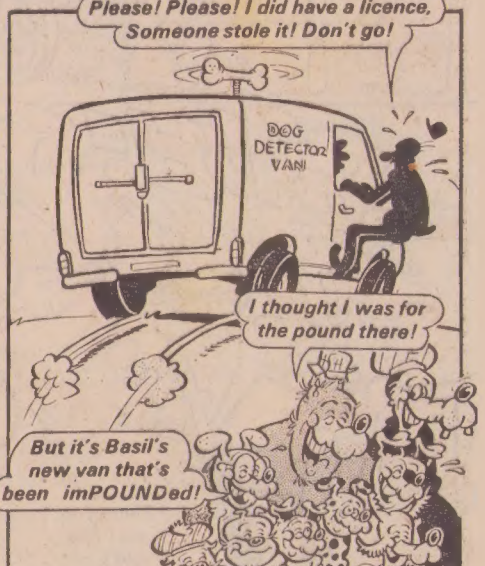

Oh, no! Basil's got him!
Well, better one than none, eh, Poochie-Poo?
YEOWCH!
We've got to save him!

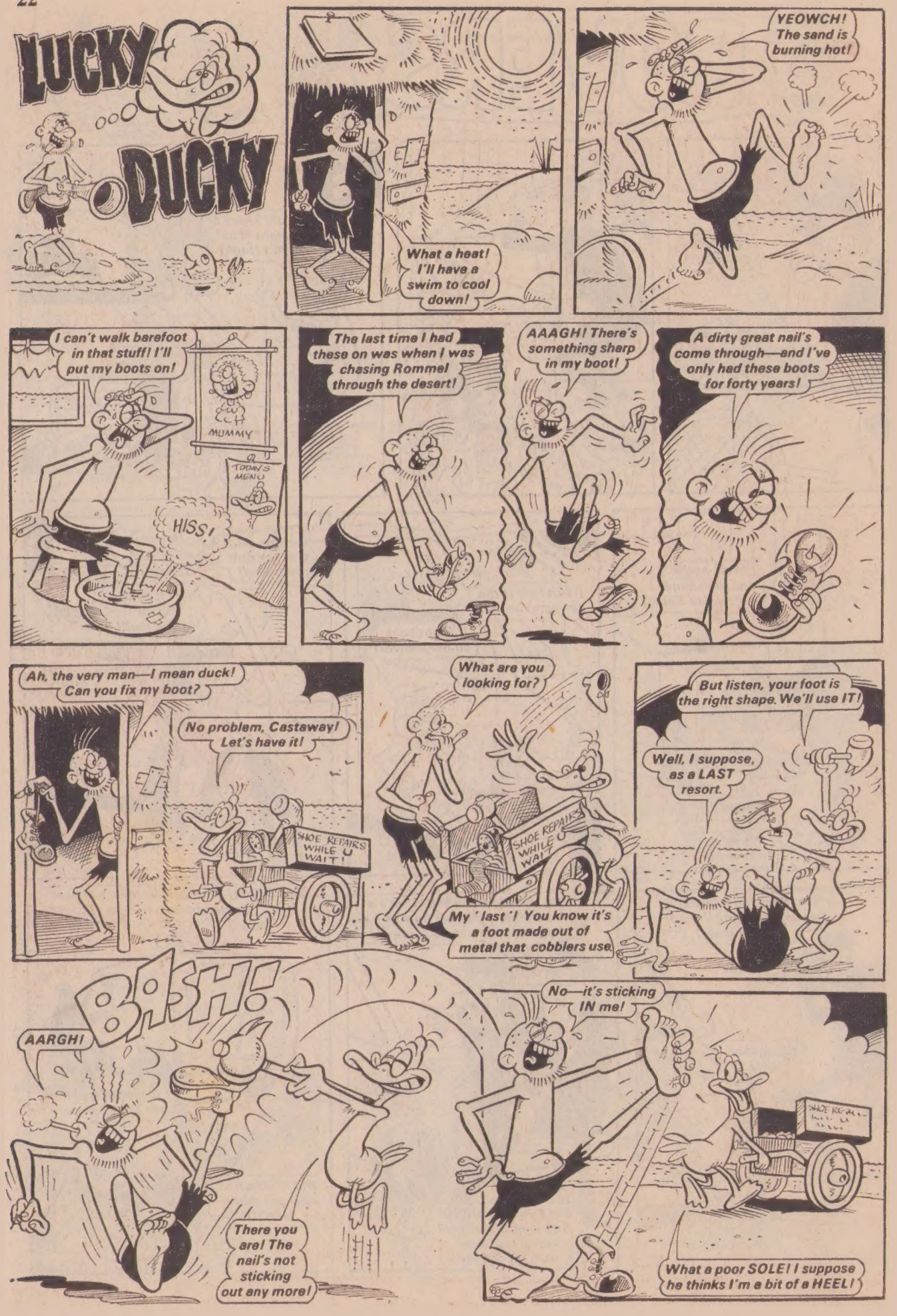
But how is the saving to be done?
That could be our answer!
TAX

One tax disc removed!
And I'll go and tell the yellow peril!
DOG DETECTO VAN

What are you lot looking so smug about? I've got your fat mate!
You'll soon see!

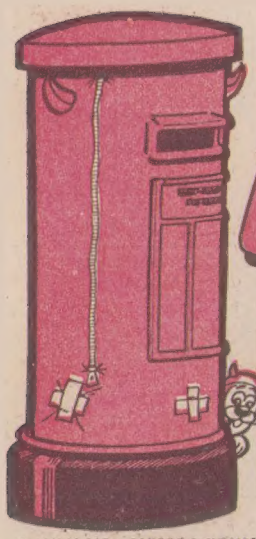
This van ain't licensed! That's a £10 fine—payable now or else the van's towed away.
But I've not got £10! And the boss will kill me if I go back without the van!


Please! Please! I did have a licence, Someone stole it! Don't go!
DOG DETECTOR VAN
I thought I was for the pound there!
But it's Basil's new van that's been impOUNDed!


LUCKY DUCKY
What a heat! I'll have a swim to cool down!
YEOWCH! The sand is burning hot!
I can't walk barefoot in that stuff! I'll put my boots on!
MUMMY
TODAY'S MENU
HISS!
The last time I had these on was when I was chasing Rommel through the desert!
AAAGH! There's something sharp in my boot!
A dirty great nail's come through—and I've only had these boots for forty years!
Ah, the very man—I mean duck! Can you fix my boot?
No problem, Castaway! Let's have it!
SHOE REPAIRS WHILE U WAIT!
What are you looking for?
My 'last'! You know it's a foot made out of metal that cobblers use.
But listen, your foot is the right shape. We'll use IT!
Well, I suppose, as a LAST resort.
BASH!
AARGH!
There you are! The nail's not sticking out any more!
No—it's sticking IN me!
What a poor SOLE! I suppose he thinks I'm a bit of a HEEL!

WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.

FAMILY CIRCLE

SON:—Mum! Mum! I keep walking round in circles!

MUM:—Shut up or I'll nail your other shoe to the floor.

CHRISTOPHER STANDEN, KING'S LYNN.

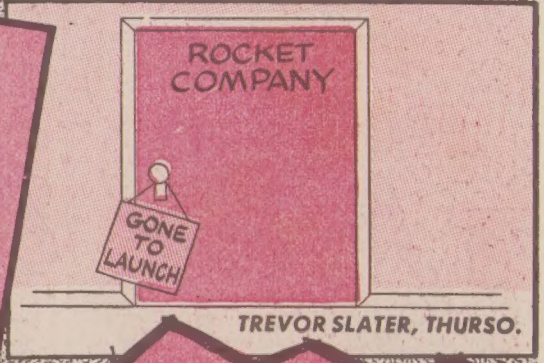
YEUCH!

TWEET WILLIAM:—Try this sponge cake I made.

MUM:—It tastes like rubber!

TWEET WILLIAM:— It shouldn't. I bought the sponge fresh from the chemist this morning!

ANDREW HARRISON, WOLVERHAMPTON.



TREVOR SLATER, THURSO.

PAUL KEMP, STANMORE.

NOT SUCH A MONSTER

What has six legs, two heads and jumps fences?

A man on a horse!

CRAIG AIKEN, NEWTON AYCLIFFE.

SHADES OF GENIUS

Why did the teacher wear dark glasses?

Because the class was so bright!

MARK LANE, LONDON.

CLEVER STUFF

What exams do gardeners take?

HOE-LEVELS!

RICHARD BEVAN, BURNTWOOD.

EASTERN DELIGHT

What do you call Egyptian taxi-drivers?

Tootin' car men!

NEIL MARSHALL, READING.

FARES PLEASE

What lives under the sea and carries a lot of people around?

AN OCTOBUS.

HEATHER CRINGLE, ISLE OF MAN.

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

NITY. 16.6.84

CUDDLES
'AT'S ME!
Hold still, Cuddles! You must look a handsome boy for Granny coming.
Me no wanna!
Still, me IS handsome! Wish me'd hurry up and grow big.
'Cos wif my looks me'll be a pop star . . .
GRAB
SPIN
. . . And have lotsa screamin' fans! YEH-HEH-HEH!
CRASH!
OOOPS!
SCREAM!
Yuk! Yuk! 'At fan is screamin' already!
GRANNY ARRIVES—
Phew!
Hello! Playing a little game are we, Boys?
It's amazing—you look just like my boy did at your age.
Who's 'at, Granny?
Your DAD, of course!
AAGH! He does look just like me!
ZZZZZ
DAILY GAS
Which means me'll look like HIM when me's growed big!
Baggie! Me's gonna stay a baby as long as me can. God-Goo!
SUCK
A R T
S E B
F O

Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD.,185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS. © D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 1984.